

THE Good Fellowvs Consideration.

OR The bad Husbands Amendment.

*Here in this Ballad you may see,
What's in a bad Husband to be,
For drunkenness most commonly
Brings many unto poverty.*

*And when a man is mean and bare,
Friends will be scarce both far and near,
Then in your youth keep money in store,
Lest in old age you do grow poor.*

To the Tune of, *Hey boys up go we, &c.*

*{ Lately written by Thomas Lanfere,
{ Of Watchet town in Sommerfet shire.*



GOOD Fellowes all come lend an ear,
and listen to my song,
To you in brief I will declare
how I have done my self much wrong
By spending of my money too free,
it brought me low and poore,
But now a good Husband I will be,
and keep my money in store.

It is well known the fadling-school
I have haunted many year;
I wasted my maney like a fool
both in Wine and strong Beer:
With my Companions day and night
I'de both drink, sing, and roar,
But now bad company I'lle flight,
and keep my money in store.

In the morning sometimes to an Alehouse
and tarry there all day,
(I'de hve,
Perhaps a crown or an angel I
at one reckoning would pay:
My pocket of money I'de empty make,
e're that I would give o're,
But now such actions I'lle forsake,
and keep my money in store.

My hostess she would smile in my face
when I did merrily call,
for why, she knew I would not be base,
but freely pay for all:
Before the Flaggon was quite out
she'd be ready to fill more,
But now I mean to look about,
and keep my money in store.

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The Second Part, to the same Tune.

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Sometimes she in a merry vein
would sit upon my knee,
And give me kisses one or twain,
and all to sweeten me,
She'd vow I was welcome indeed,
and it would be evermore,
But now I mean for to take heed,
and keep my money in store.

Thus I frequented the Ale bench
so long as my money would hold;
Whilst my Wife & Children at home did pinch
with hunger and with cold;
So I had my guts full of Ale and Beer,
I lookt after nothing more,
But now I mean to have a care,
and keep my money in store.

My wife would often me perswade
and mislly to me say,
Good loving husband follow your trade,
and go not so astray:
Yet with foule words I de her abuse,
and call her bitch and whoore,
But now her counsel I will chuse,
and keep my money in store.

At last through my lewd, wicked vice
I had consumed all,
By drunkenness, with Cards and Dice
my stock it was brought small:
By keeping of bad company
I was grown mean and poor,
But now I'll leave bad husbandry,
and keep my money in store.

To my hostels one time I did repair,
and desired one courtesie,
To trust me for half a dozen of beer,
but she did me deny:
She told me she had made a vow
to drinke no drink on scoze,
But I am fully resolved now
to keep my money in store.

Oh, she, the Quilt-man his money must have
also I must pay excise,
If I should trust chery drunken knave
where will my money rise?
But if you have think you may have drink,
if you be none turn out of doore,
But now from the Alehouse I will shrink,
and keep my money in store.

Thus all good fellows you may see
what 'tis to be in want,
A man shall not regarded be
if money is with him scant:
But if money you have, ~~the~~ you have,
if you be none they will give o're,
Then be careful your money for to save,
and lay it up in store.

By experience 'tis plainly seen
in England far and nigh,
Those that rich wealthie men has been,
at last come to poverty
By spending too much in wine and beer
there is many doth grow poor,
Then good fellows have a special care,
to keep your money in store.

If all bad husbands were of my mind
in country and in toton,
The Ale-wives a new trade should find,
to pull their fat-sides down:
They shoud work hard; both spin and card,
we would keep them so poor,
And we wou'd be careful our money to save,
and lay it up in store.

Now all you married men that are,
and Bachelours so gay,
Of the main chance may have a care,
lest you fall in decay:
Be sure you time do highly prize
'twill not stay for rich nor poor,
Good fellows all I you advise
to keep your money in store.